THE New Republic

I Would Go Home

Three Poems By

Boris Pasternak

UNIV. OF VERMONT

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Little Brown Jugular, I Love Thee

By MARGARET HALSEY

Controversy on TV . . . . *Edward R. Murrow*

The Post-War Novelists . . . . . *Irving Howe*

The Elusive Middle East . . . *Elizabeth Monroe*

ON EGGHEADS and POLITICS

John K. Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Reply to Economist Leon Keyserling

NOVEMBER 10, 1958

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Washington Wire

Part II - Democrat v. Democrat

THE MID-TERM ELECTION is Part I of a two-part battle. Part II is the fight of Democratic liberals to prevent Senator Lyndon Johnson from kidnapping their victory.

The US is normally more liberal than its political institutions. Liberalism is choked at critical points: masses of underprivileged can't vote (Negroes; itinerants); electoral over-representation favors conservative rural areas; the same is true of state legislatures and the US Senate (New York—two votes; Nevada —two votes); and Dixiecrats dominate House and Senate committees through seniority chairmanships. The conservative press butters the whole thing over; it will undoubtedly now try to distort and explain away the mid-term election.

But the big lesson shown by Eisenhower's three-time failure to elect a Congress of his own party (a precedent in history!) is that liberalism is trying to assert itself in a potentially massive US political realignment.

That brings us to Part II of the battle. The second one is not between Democrats and GOP but between victorious Democrat and Democrat, culminating in the 1960 convention. Civil rights will dominate the fight, but there will be other issues. Lyndon Johnson will make every effort to smother the liberals, achieve party "unity" and, on the economic side, accept that Byrd fiscal viewpoint which is shocked because the US budget grows as fast as the population (the population is increasing by two million a year; does a family with three children spend no more than a family with two?).

GOP writers smugly rejoice over the Democrats' Southern split. The GOP has no problem because it has never been a national party. It has no split because it has no South. If the National Democrats let the South go now, they will be no worse off than the GOP is at the present.

In 1952 Eisenhower drew 12,000 people for his speech at the Baltimore 5th Regiment Armory; last week — only 5,000. His campaign speeches have been dreary and half-attended. People still like Ike—but as a constitutional monarch. Many think his descent into ill-advised and out-of-character partisanship shows the absence of the steadying hand of Sherman Adams, shielding him from Nixon and Meade Alcorn. Ike's tragedy, we believe, has not been his failure against the Democrats but his failure to re-mold his own party. How has it happened? Basically, we think, because he kept his personal popularity high at the expense of sharp stands that would have projected a clear Republican image. Just a little leadership would have carried him so far! Instead of that he has left everything fuzzy, unctious and confused. . . .

Four years ago, on the Wednesday following the GOP midterm election drubbing, Eisenhower held a press conference and magnanimously admitted that perhaps he had gone too far in his partisan attacks. Well, we doubt if that is necessary this time. He won't be disliked in the next two years—just ignored.

The Odds on Rocky

WE THINK you will have a two-year phase now of Nixon as a "moderate." If Rockefeller wins in New York (and we don't know the result as this is written) Nixon will be up against a real glamor figure. (One difference between Rockefeller and Nixon is that when Rockefeller smiles his eyes do too.) Even if Rockefeller loses, Nixon will have had a bad scare.

The GOP radical right dislikes a liberal like Rockefeller who makes a pitch to independents and Democrats and who avoids the use of "Republican" on his campaign literature. Nixon knows that he has the conservatives all sewed up, so his task is to attract independents by being liberal but not quite so liberal as Rockefeller. This means going back to the genial mature 1956 image. Nixon will hold the Administration's political reins for the next two years and disassociate himself more and more from lame-duck Eisenhower. (Nixon startled reporters at the Denver airport by telling them that he was "less conservative" than Eisenhower on foreign aid, civil rights and federal aid to education. So far as we know this is true.)

From windy Chicago comes a voice challenging our estimate that the GOP will pick Rockefeller over Nixon in 1960 (if the former wins the Governorship in New York). The challenge comes from fellow editor John S. Knight who runs a nice little periodical called *The Chicago Daily News* and some lesser known properties. Old plunger Knight publicly dares us to a wager. Not a bad notion!

How About It?

OF COURSE it's a bit silly—writing before we know the results in New York—but let's examine the situation.

Nixon's advantages: He has the inside track at the White House; may get some executive responsibility (hitherto denied him); perhaps may even take over the job full time; and, most important, he knows every GOP leader in the country. It looks like a lead-pipe cinch.

But there are disadvantages: His party is losing California, his home base; he is tied to Eisenhower if the GOP becomes further demoralized; he has shown what columnist Willard Shelton aptly calls "chinks in his armor of self-possession;" and finally—some indescribable quality about him alienates the independent voter. (This is serious, too, because while politicians like a friend, they like a winner even better; the terrible phrase "he can't win" licked Taft in 1952.)

For normal purposes Nixon's present advantages outweigh his disadvantages. We have heard confident odds of 3-to-1 on Nixon against Rockefeller (if Nelson wins his qualifying round in New York). But what the heck! We aren't one to cavil and will always stretch a point for a reader. We would take a 2-to-1 bet—our $50 on Rocky against Knight's $100 on Dicky. (We don't feel we should go so high as to tempt the *Daily News'* editorial judgment.) How about it, John?

T.R.B.

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Can Congress Do It?

IT MAY ACTUALLY BE that the Administration would settle for an independent Formosa if it could get it, but there is as yet no indication that the White House or the State Department is prepared for the drastic revision in China policy that must come if there is to be even a *de facto* separation of Formosa from mainland China. Meantime, the token shelling of Quemoy and the Nationalists' persistence in claiming a right to intervene on the mainland in case of revolt indicate that Chiang and Mao agree on one point: their opposition to the only kind of settlement in the Formosa Strait that makes sense for the United States.

In Chiang's case the reasons for this attitude are clear enough. The symbol of an eventual return to the mainland is needed to justify all his enterprises, including both armed forces and an apparatus of government far in excess of anything that Formosa needs or could support. At the same time, reports from observers on Formosa—recently published in this Journal and elsewhere—do, indeed, raise doubts as to whether there is any emotional, and consequently any political, basis for an independent state on that island.

The Chinese Communist case is even more transparent. Not only has the claim to Formosa been made an issue of national prestige, but also there is an obvious advantage in promoting that claim from a strong position —namely, the issue of the offshore islands—rather than allowing the claim to be weakened by permitting the offshore islands and Formosa to be considered separately. For this reason it is open to question whether the Communists ever intended to "take" Quemoy, and their off-again-on-again bombardment is almost certainly designed to strengthen Chiang's hand against possible American pressure for such a separation.

The dilemma in which our policy finds itself may be traced back to the ascendancy in Washington of the pro-Chiang group in 1953, and to the phony "unleashing" of the Nationalists in February of that year. In view of its deep and long-standing commitment, it was quite surprising to hear this Administration chiding Chiang for his reinforcement of the offshore islands, so surprising, in fact, that it has led many to conclude that there has been a basic change of policy. This interpretation seems extreme. We doubt that this Administration is capable of doing more than it has been trying to do, which is to persuade Chiang to reduce his forces on the offshore islands in the hope that Mao will then let the crisis die down. The inadequacy of this approach—indeed, its folly in the long run—is proved by every report that emerges from Red China regarding its growth in terms of the material components of world power. Unless these reports are grossly exaggerated, we can hardly afford to wait two years for a new Administration that is free to undertake the fundamental reappraisal that is required. We cannot afford to wait, but shall we be forced to until a new President takes over?

In 1947, it is true, an Administration that had been repudiated in a

Correspondence

► ***Farmers and the Free Market***

SIRS:

A NAIVE ENTHUSIASM for 19th Century free-enterprise theories has failed to alter the economic laws of modern agriculture, where the law of supply and demand apparently works in reverse.

(Continued on page 22)

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mid-term election was able to prevail upon a hostile Congress to endorse a revolution in foreign policy to meet the challenge of Soviet expansionism—for it was a Republican-controlled Congress, bent as usual on "economy," which passed the Greek-Turkish Aid bill and voted the Marshall Plan appropriations, and a Republican Senate that ratified the North Atlantic Treaty. But that was under circumstances of powerful Executive leadership. Today, can a Democratic Congress prod—or push—a Republican Administration into abandoning a position that is becoming increasingly untenable, when that position is a cherished part of the "myth" that animates the Republican Party?

Atomic Test Ban

SINCE Soviet and American scientists have agreed that we *can* detect all significant atomic explosions by means of a world-wide monitoring network, it remains for the negotiators who are now meeting in Geneva to decide whether it is politically feasible to do so. Is either nation prepared to modify its position in the interest of a mutually-tolerable bargain?

As the Geneva talks began, Washington still spoke of limiting its test suspension offer to one year, though as the National Planning Association's Special Project Committee on Security Through Arms Control noted:

> The preparatory stages which must precede an adequately controlled test suspension might well take at least two years. The installation and proving of a monitoring grid is an important part of the necessary preparatory process and time should be allowed for this.

The Russians in turn are still insisting that in advance of a precise inspection agreement, the US must accede to "immediate stopping of the tests . . . for all time." And great doubt remains as to whether the Soviets would allow an adequate number of foreign technicians on the monitoring teams stationed inside the USSR.

It may be that in Moscow, as in Washington, there are differences of opinion between those who believe that a monitored test ban will enhance the national security, and those who distrust any sort of ban, whether temporary or permanent. If this division exists inside the Soviet Union, surely it must be the aim of American diplomacy to strengthen the hands of those who would risk inspection.

It is prudent to remember, however, that although a cessation of testing is a step toward relaxation of tensions and perhaps toward a controlled reduction of armaments, it is a small step. For the stockpiles remain; the atomic weapons remain; the technical knowledge remains; and without any further explosions in Nevada or Siberia, or production of fissionable materials, the US and the Soviet Union now have the military capacity to all but destroy one another. It is not tests themselves which are our greatest peril: it is atomic war. Seen in this perspective, the current Geneva talks may be less important than the forthcoming exploratory discussion of preventing surprise attack. And before that November 10th conference opens, each side is fearfully aware that agreement to prevent surprise attack would involve a more elaborate monitoring network inside both countries than is required for detecting atomic blasts.

Finally, if Russians and Americans do reach an accord on the banning of further tests, who can say whether the Soviet Union speaks for the Chinese Communists, whether the Chinese will agree to be monitored by an agency of the UN when they are not even members of the UN? Or would a Soviet-American agreement reverse the decision of the French and others to carry out their own tests, without reference to the wishes or the safety of others?

WHAT THE ELECTION MEANS

What It Promises for 1960
What the New Congress Can and Can't Do
Who Are the Promising Winners?

NEXT WEEK

Two Generals

THE RISE to power of the generals in both Pakistan and Burma—within a single month—has been written of as if the two situations were the same. They are not. In the most general sense the political desperation responsible for Gen. Ayub Khan's take-over in Karachi and U Nu's handover to Gen. Ne Win in Rangoon do invite comparison: both reflect the social and political fragmentation found in varying degrees in the governments of all less-developed countries. But here the similarity ends.

In the case of Pakistan, Gen. Ayub Khan is a military professional whose strength and weakness both lie in the fact that he has never been a part of his country's political life. Four years of US military aid have radically increased his power and that of his armed forces. The general's own ground forces got $75 million out of an initial US military hardware commitment estimated at $170 million. Much of the rest has gone into jet fighters for the hitherto-unimportant Air Force; Gen. Ayub Khan was known to itch for control of all three services, and one of his first acts on taking power was the assumption of over-all military control. Gen. Ayub Khan is a Pathan (the Pathans are native to Pakistan's northwest frontier adjoining Afghanistan) and his two

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chief subordinate generals in the new order are native to the adjacent regions of Baluchistan (new Army Commander Mohammed Musa) and Punjab (East Pakistan Commandant Umrao Khan). Since most of those in the ranks are either Pathans or Punjabis, military rule looks uncomfortably like the incipient rule of regional groups located in the western wing of a divided country which has more than half of its population in its eastern, Bengali wing.

In one year since the downfall of able Premier H. S. Suhrawardy, Pakistan had fallen into a state of political despondency which invited a military take-over. Ayub Khan has said he intends to give Pakistan once again a Constitution. But let us remember that his is a politically rootless regime: the general and his colleagues were serving the old British Indian Army when the Moslem League movement was winning Pakistan's separation from New Delhi. Pakistan has no significant political links with its brief past and faces its future now as a nation without a nationalism.

Burma's General Ne Win, on the other hand, enjoys the prestige of a pioneer in his country's independence movement. The Army and Ne Win's late mentor Aung San—the "George Washington" of Burma—are symbols of Burmese nationalism. Ne Win was one of the original "Thakin" nationalist group in the Thirties and became a military man only in 1940 when Aung San organized the anti-colonial precursor of independent Burma's Army with Japanese help. Thus Ne Win's government possesses unquestionable legitimacy — not only in the technical sense that the military is acting at the specific behest of the civilian leadership (for a designated temporary period), but in the deeper sense that the Army leadership is itself popularly rooted. Frank N. Trager writes in the current *Far Eastern Survey* that General Ne Win and his top officer group are not only "the best single guarantee against a Communist coup . . . they are committed to maintaining democracy as well as order."

The Burmese case reminds us that the complex and varied political settings of the less-developed countries permit no easy generalizations. The history of US aid to Pakistan has made "military aid" synonomous with the destruction of free institutions; in other settings, and Burma may be one, moderate military assistance which does not disrupt the internal power balance can serve constructive political ends.

There is always the danger that younger officer elements whose horizons are not the democratic socialistic horizons of Ne Win may one day make illegitimate capital of the present crisis. Even if we take for granted a return to civilian control after the next elections—which are planned for sometime in 1959—a dangerous precedent has undoubtedly been set. But Burma, in contrast to Pakistan, is still politically solvent—and the Army is a major element of political strength.

Detroit's New, New Embarrassed Chariots

SOME THRILLING comments were made the other day by James O. Wright, general manager of the Ford division, at a preview of Ford's 1959 line. His division, he said, is "betting its all" on the good taste of the car-buying public this time. (He could not, of course, speak for the other Ford divisions.) While other companies are again going in for "extremism," "ostentation" and a "more bombastic style," Ford is offering "lines of classic simplicity." In the past, Mr. Wright confessed, Ford has got into trouble with the public "when we made half-hearted concessions . . . to the school of extreme design."

Actually, as we recall it, it didn't *seem* half-hearted. Only a year ago, a Ford official announced that "automotive styling abroad is now at the point we reached 20 years ago," while another, the noted salesman James J. Nance, said: "Our surveys have found . . . no evidence that the American public is interested in lowering its standard of living by buying an economy car." However, the *Wall Street Journal* reported shortly thereafter that Ford was making another survey to find out why a growing number of Americans *were* degrading themselves in just that manner. (Mr. Nance, incidentally, is no longer with Ford.)

The survey evidently came too late to change basic design for the 1959 line. The dies were, literally, cast. And so, alas, we shall have to take Mr. Wright's wish for the deed. Some of the new models sport a smidgin less chromium than last year, but the bulges, creases and fins are more brashly aimed at the infantile or psychotic areas of the subconscious than ever before. Needless to say, the 1959 automobiles are longer, lower, wider and more expensive.

We can't say we weren't warned. Back last February, the Ford styling chief, George W. Walker, gaily predicted that the trend toward lower cars would continue, though he promised with a grin that "they will not be so low that you'll have to crawl in and out of them on your belly."

Mr. Walker, we fear, was asleep at the switch. His styling colleagues in women's fashions already had designed skirts so tight that it was, indeed, very nearly necessary for the girls to crawl into the 1958 cars. More often, they resorted to collapsing into the cars backwards, at great cost to the social status for which the dress-and-car buyer had paid so dearly. And it was not Ford but Chrysler that brilliantly capitalized on her awkward

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plight, by offering, at added cost, front seats that swivel out to receive her, and then swivel her in.

Creating a need, or a want, for new gadgetry is nothing new, but it seems to be approaching something of a climax. Power steering was, of course, made desirable by the difficulty of parking Detroit's monsters. Dealers now are reported to be chortling over the great expanses of curved glass on the new models; the sun will poach the occupants and, it is hoped, boom the sales of air conditioners. There are available power units to hoist the aerial and, on the costliest Caddies, to open the trunk door. To relieve the burden on the car engine, GM is actually experimenting with an auxiliary engine just to generate power for the gadgets.

The *Wall Street Journal* quotes a Ford executive as saying, "The American public is lazy and pushbutton happy, but we love it." One might offer a slogan: "Shiftless Cars for Shiftless Motorists." But there is just a hint that the trend may have passed the ultimate: Chevy is offering as extra-price equipment on some of its fancier models a gear shift that comes up out of the floor, and is operated by hand. Has the wheel turned full circle? Wait till next year. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to hear Detroit speaking of good taste. Verily, "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. . . ."

Corporate *Noblesse Oblige*

NO ONE is better qualified than Edward R. Murrow to explain how and why the public interest is being starved on television and radio. But how feasible is Mr. Murrow's proposal, put forward in this issue, that the sponsors foot the bill by occasionally giving prime evening time for public affairs programs as "a tiny tithe" toward an informed citizenry? Should the advertiser have primary responsibility for bringing about a proper balance in what can be seen during the peak nighttime hours? What about the broadcasters themselves?

In a sharp attack on Mr. Murrow's thesis, Jack Gould, television critic for *The New York Times*, points out that:

> It is the sale of time that constitutes broadcasting's all-important source of revenues, both for independent stations and for outlets owned directly by the networks. If this income is neither to be disturbed nor jeopardized by an enlightened new concept of public service in the evening, which is basically what Mr. Murrow's plan boils down to, it would indeed be a most attractive solution for the broadcasters. In other words, Mr. Murrow asks advertisers to rise to the occasion by financing greater public service but sweepingly exempts broadcasters.

Since 59.5 million people now look at television on an average evening between 6 p.m. and midnight, answers to the question Mr. Murrow has raised are worth pursuing. Next week in *The New Republic* the Mutual network commentator, William Costello, will tell what he learned about the low state of public service broadcasting in a six-month study of the subject.

Poison Politics

> I shall condemn any appeal to prejudice based on race, creed or national origin—from the Code of Fair Campaign Practices, signed Sept. 3, 1958, by the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic National Committees on behalf of their parties.

PERHAPS Chairman Meade Alcorn did condemn the Republican candidate for Congress from Long Beach, California—incumbent Craig Hosmer. But if he did, only the most sensitive seismograph picked it up.

Congressman Hosmer ran on the simplest of platforms: He is a native-born gentile. His campaign literature listed, in parallel columns, his own qualifications alongside those of his Democratic opponent, Harry S. May.

Each reference to Mr. May — with one exception —bore on Mr. May's being Jewish or foreign: he was a rabbi; he was born in Berlin; he attended a Jewish Theological Seminary; his childrens' names are Sharon Avivah, Judith Arlene and Tamar. The exception is the information that the Democratic candidate belonged to Americans for Democratic Action—"a left-wing faction with a program of 'laundered Communism'."

There were other efforts in California during this campaign to prove that one's religion *ipso facto* disqualifies one for public office. The voters were asked to believe that the election of Edmund G. Brown as Governor would "destroy public schools." Not because, as some Southerners might think, Brown favors desegregation (he does), but because he is a Roman Catholic. "Could Roman Catholic Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, if elected Governor, be loyal to the state of California and the Vatican at the same time? The question is asked and answered in leaflets that flooded the state: "The Roman Catholic Church says 'No'."

John XXIII

ALTHOUGH Italian by birth and early training, John XXIII is by orientation and the circumstances of his election to the throne of St. Peter, a European Pope in the best sense of the phrase. There is no doubt that the strongest support for the new Pope came from the Cardinals of the Sacred College most closely associated and in sympathy with such Catholic political leaders of Western

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Europe as Premier Fanfani, Chancellor Adenauer and Charles de Gaulle. One of the hopes of such men is that a closer collaboration between the so-called Christian Europe of the three nascent European Communities and a European Pope will restore to the Church of Rome a role which was known in the Middle Ages as that of the "needle of the balance."

Although John XXIII is an old man, he will be 77 at the end of November, he has during most of his career shown himself to be infinitely more sensitive and sympathetic to the stirrings of progress than his predecessor was. His generally affirmative attitude toward the French worker priest is an example. Obviously John is a transitional pontiff. Much will depend on whether the new Pro-Secretary of State, Monsignor Tardini, becomes a Cardinal, and then the full Secretary of State: or whether on the other hand he too is transitional, and Archbishop Montini of Milan returns as Cardinal to Rome to direct the activities of the Holy See's foreign office. To paraphrase the traditional formula *urbe et orbe,* Tardini would be more effective within the *urbe,* that is the reform, badly needed after years of neglect and nepotism, of Vatican administration; while Montini would more successfully concern himself with the *orbe*—with the development of the role of the Church in a changing world, particularly in Asia, Africa and South America.

In either case, however, John is likely to move slowly but surely away from the rigid centralism of Pius XII, away from austere dictatorial personalism toward a realistic and practical relationship with the hierarchies of the Church. Unlike Pius, John has been a parish priest as well as a diplomat. And also unlike Pius, he has been more influenced by progressive currents in France than by reactionary ones in Germany. And in the intense and continuing war against Communism, he has the advantage—which Pius XI also had—of personal contact with Slavic peoples. He is more than an idealist and theoretician: he has the memory of having actually seen men suffer and die in battle and having helped meet both their physical and their spiritual needs.

Little Brown Jugular, I Love Thee

by MARGARET HALSEY

THE political writers have been very attentive, during this past campaign, to the fluctuating fortunes of Richard Nixon. But the cries of "He's up! He's down!" are only the surface froth of a situation which is basically simple. Nixon's political future depends, in the last analysis, not on how many Democrats didn't get elected to Congress in 1958, but on how many people believe that he is the answer to an otherwise insoluble dilemma.

The dilemma began to emerge when an Eisenhower defeated a Stevenson for the second time. Subsequent events very rapidly filled in the uncomfortable outline—namely, that the kind of man who can win a Presidential election in our advertising society is not the kind of man who can do the job properly after he has got it.

Thus, as we go on doing more of what we have been doing—as the people who did not listen to music with hi-fi are now going to not listen with stereophonic sound—the problem of political leadership tends to become insoluble. In a set-up where it can be openly admitted that a Presidential candidate is going to be sold like toothpaste, the President turns out to *be* toothpaste.

Out of this cul-de-sac, Nixon promises—apparently—to lead us. He seems to be the only man who in his single person can (1) command the mass communications so indispensable for reaching the voters and (2) be relied

MARGARET HALSEY *is the author of many books and articles, including* With Malice Toward Some, Color Blind *and* The Folks At Home. *Reverberations are still being felt in distant places from her earlier remarks on Mr. Nixon—"Beware The Tender Trap"—which appeared in this journal nine months ago.*

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on because of his power-drive and personal ambition to do the job masterfully after he gets it.

But to take it for granted that Nixon, if elected, would be a masterful President may be risky. Not all the data points that way.

THERE has been a fashion lately for dividing up the American Presidents—perhaps a little arbitrarily—into categories of "strong" and "weak." Nixon's claims to be entered potentially in the "strong" category have been advanced by some very respectable commentators.

He is hard-working and could be relied on not to develop an almost pathological need for recreation. He is said to have a radar-like intuition about the voters' feelings. Most observers feel safe in predicting that he would not tolerate any intransigence in his party which threatened his own position of dominance. And finally, everyone is agreed that Congress—looking for a *modus operandi* with the Executive Branch—would not find itself, as it so often does now, trying to leave toothmarks in a bowl of tapioca.

But is aggression the same thing as "strength"?

If the ambition is strong, does it necessarily follow that the *man* is strong?

To state it baldly, we are asked by Nixon's supporters —who are by no means always his admirers—to put our trust in what is bad in the Vice President's character, rather than in what is good. The very nakedness of his power drive and the utter purity of his self-aggrandizing are supposed to be our guarantee of stable and efficient government. Being without idealism, Nixon (the argument runs) will not make any of the mistakes that spring from imaginativeness or generosity. Government under his aegis will be heartless, but mechanically perfect.

Nixon as President, it is said, would surround himself with men of complete probity, just because his own record is so questionable. And he might, of course, ask such men to serve in his cabinet. It would be politically shrewd.

But would they say yes?

"By no endeavor," said W. S. Gilbert, "can a magnet ever/Attract a silver churn."

A Nixon government would of necessity be staffed by other Nixons—Walpurgisnacht on the Potomac.

Again, suppose Nixon achieves the Presidency—what happens if it turns to ashes in his mouth? In our status-and-success society, these collapsing triumphs are by no means unheard of. We know him well, the fellow with the intolerable inner tension who says, "If I can just get *there*, I can relax." He does get *there*, and . . . .

Max Lerner remarked, when Nixon exploded about the State Department subordinate, that the Vice President had inadvertently betrayed a strong vein of hysteria. It would be supremely ironic if the present situation, where everything has had to go through the bottleneck of the President's assistant, were succeeded by a situation where everything had to be filtered through the President's psychiatrist.

But that, of course, is a mere hypothesis.

Not hypothetical at all, on the other hand, is the semi-automatic vocabulary that has become attached to Nixon's image—"iron control," "instinct for the jugular," and so on.

"Instinct for the jugular" is a compelling phrase, but it misleads. What is strength in a tiger is not strength in a President. Quite the contrary, in fact. A tigerish President in a hydrogen bomb world is, as the medical people say, contra-indicated.

As to "iron control," there seems to be universal agreement that this is a Nixon characteristic. William S. White expressed a consensus when he wrote, in the January, 1958, issue of *Harper's*:

> Never an outgoing personality, he [Nixon] has become even more withdrawn. His sense of humor is thin and a bit brittle, with a quiet but distinct touch of the mordant. He is immensely controlled, and there is a suggestion that this control involves sustained effort. There is not a chemical trace of gustiness in him; and it is impossible to down the impression that he rarely has a relaxed moment.

"Iron control" . . . "immense" . . .

Control of what?

Rage?

Actually, there is something old-fashioned in the respect sometimes accorded to Nixon's highly visible self-control. Back in the Victorian era, iron control indeed equated with strength; but the modern observer tends to think of it as revealing the compulsive personality. Could Nixon actually handle the Presidency, or would the office turn him—this combination of Prince Albert and a hungry shark—into just another sick adventurer?

The advertising society has painted itself into a corner, so far as political leadership is concerned. But Richard Nixon is not the answer to its dilemma.

NEVERTHELESS, a strong effort will be made between now and 1960 to sell Nixon as the miracle man who can bridge the gap—the ever-widening gap between, on the one hand, what it takes nowadays to get elected to the Presidency and, on the other, what it takes to do the job. Intelligent people, in particular, will be urged to swallow their misgivings about the Vice President's ethics and take the larger and more "realistic" view of him as the one man "strong" enough to pull together two contradictory strands in the culture.

Our society is so complex—the tacit argument will run—that an ethical man can no longer administer it.

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But if that were true, even an unethical man would not be equal to administering it.

Right now, Nixon enjoys the enormous advantage of always being compared, both consciously and unconsciously, with Eisenhower. But it is an absolute prerequisite of a Nixon administration that Eisenhower should have retired from the scene. Officially retired, that is. When that theatrically contrasting foil is removed, Nixon may look so different as to seem almost unrecognizable.

He is not, for instance, any harder working or any brainier than a great many other Americans, but these qualities in him have been irradiated by the spotlight of Eisenhower's dilettantism. When the spotlight is turned off, there is likely to be a good deal of eye rubbing.

When the spotlight is turned off, it may seem that Nixon should have been measured—for industry, brains and firmness—against someone like Wendell Willkie. Despite the frequent references to the Vice President's superior intellectual equipment, he has not—in ten years of public life—come up with any good ideas. We are not indebted to him for anything as constructive as, say, Adlai Stevenson's suggestion—in 1954—that the President conduct a conference of white and Negro leaders to work out methods of integration.

"Of course, if I had the top job I'd act differently"

PARADOXICALLY enough, when it comes to Eisenhower and Nixon, the more it is different, the more it is the same. The two men resemble each other in one extremely basic way. Neither has any philosophical underpinnings. They are both orchids. They bloom flashily in the hot air of the advertising society, but they have no roots. The Messrs. Rheingold, they are parasites on a social structure in whose problems they have no real interest at all.

Of course, the *way* in which Nixon would be inadequate to the Presidency would certainly be different from the way in which Eisenhower has been inadequate to it. Eisenhower has turned his back on responsibility, whereas Nixon—in the interests of greater efficiency, perhaps—might feel the totalitarian urge. Eisenhower has grown indifferent to the electorate, where Nixon—as William V. Shannon has pointed out—has a contempt for the voters he cannot always conceal.

But after the first happy weeks of more frequent press conferences, a Nixon administration would soon come to have a dreary resemblance to its predecessor. It would be all public relations and no character. It would be keenly disappointing to people who had vainly put their trust in its preliminary build-up. And it would expose the nation to yet another four years of leadership unsupported by principle.

To contrast Eisenhower and Nixon is to realize that the more it is different, the more it is the same. Eisenhower was going to give us leadership because he was a man of unmixed good. That did not work out, so now the coin is flipped over, and Nixon is going to provide leadership because he is a man of unmixed bad. Indeed, the very same evisceration of the critical faculty which saddled us with Eisenhower is now beginning to take place with reference to Nixon.

Neither as candidate nor as President (until much too late) was Eisenhower held up to an ideal. Instead, the ideal was whittled down to fit Eisenhower, so that his fear of disapproval became wisdom; his indolence became a dedication to peace; and so on. A similar process is already becoming visible with Nixon. All the qualities he does not have—altruism, sympathy, humility, imagination and ethical standards—are being almost instinctively written off as not necessary to the conduct of the Presidency; while a habit shared with werewolves is sentimentalized as "strength."

There may have been some excuse for the Americans to elect Dwight Eisenhower. Although *The New Republic* predicted in October of 1952 that he would end up opening bazaars like a constitutional monarch, to most people Eisenhower was an unknown quantity, politically. But with the Vice President, no guesswork is involved. If he succeeds to the White House in 1960—making still another orchid President—the rest of the world is likely to remark that the Americans got their independence from Great Britain before they were really ready for it.

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The Superficial Aspect

Kicker or Kicked?

WHAT WOULD the football think of the game if a football could think?

To a superficial observer the answer seems, in Francis Bacon's words, "not beyond conjecture." We might ask Mr. John Foster Dulles, for he is articulate. True, he is not a pigskin-covered ovoid, he is an animate creature, but there is some reason for arguing that he is a football and that he is in play in a game of global, or at least hemispherical dimensions.

This is an uncanonical, unauthorized and perhaps unholy view, not advanced by any spokesman of the State Department, on or off the record, and not based on inside information. It rests entirely upon outside information—outside of official circles and to a large extent outside of public consideration.

Yet certain items of this outside information seem to be well-established facts, as, for instance: (a) Siberia is a very large area (five million square miles as against three for the United States); (b) it is at present thinly populated (11 million people); (c) it has immense resources in timber and ores, some arable and a great deal of pasture land; (d) its exploitation with modern tools and machinery is not only feasible but would be relatively easy, and may be expected to yield enormous returns; (e) its common boundary with Red China is between three and four thousand miles long, Outer Mongolia being a political myth.

The following items are not quite of the same order of certainty, but they are pretty generally accepted as true: (a) every nation intent upon high industrialization wishes to bring raw-material sources under its political control; (b) any crowded nation will go to great extremes to obtain additional living room; (c) Siberia offers its possessor both raw materials and room to an incalculable extent; (d) both Peking and Moscow are aware of this.

The following items are not established facts at all, but they seem to be reasonable assumptions: (a) both Khrushchev and Mao know the potential value of Siberia to their respective countries; (b) both know that the Chino-Siberian border probably cannot be made impregnable at all, certainly not without ruinous expense; (c) neither wishes to fight the other because such a war would be extremely costly even to the victor; (d) but if either China or Russia were conveniently murdered by some third party, Siberia would fall to the survivor almost automatically; (e) the logical murderer is a powerful nation, armed to the teeth, that has proved its capacity by participating, within living memory, in the slaughter of seven empires.

Mr. Dulles represents such a nation. One must suppose, then, that the high politics of both Moscow and Peking must have envisaged the possibility of hurling Mr. Dulles against the other. If the United States and China fought, China would emerge from the conflict so badly crippled that Russia would not have to worry about Vladivostok for the next hundred years. If the United States and Russia fought, Russia would be so enfeebled that China could probably gather in Siberia at the cost of nothing more than border skirmishes.

As for what might happen to the United States in a collision with either of the Communist powers, who cares? Certainly not Peking or Moscow. The war would be long, exhausting and fabulously expensive, so the presumption is that the United States would be badly damaged, if not defeated—a very comfortable presumption from the standpoint of either faction of the Communist powers.

THE THEORY that use of Mr. Dulles as a football is part of the strategy of the great Russo-Chinese game is strengthened by various recent incidents. One suspects, for example, that in the serio-comic Quemoy affair Mao is merely practicing lateral passes—not really trying to gain ground, but testing how far he can throw Mr. Dulles, and what is the best grip to send him into a spin so that he will travel far. In the Suez affair, on the other hand, it is now pretty clear that Russia used him for a long punt to carry the play away from the Hungarian area and down to the other end of the field.

If this hypothesis is sound, it follows that the current alarums and excursions are preliminary and tentative, both teams jockeying for a favorable position from which to start the great drive that will slam Mr. Dulles across the opposition's goal line. When the real play will start is anybody's guess except, of course, the football's—he has no say in the matter.

Naturally, this is the purest of pure speculation since it can lead to no practical result. Whether the hypothesis be true or false, it can have no effect on Mr. Dulles' diplomacy, since that is based on an entirely different postulate, to wit, that Mr. Dulles is not the football but the quarterback, perhaps the captain, of one of the teams. Maybe he is; but the obviously jocund attitude of Mao at Quemoy makes one wonder.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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TV and Fear of Controversy

by EDWARD R. MURROW

I INVITE your attention to the television schedules of all networks between the hours of 8 and 11 p.m. Eastern Time. Here you will find only fleeting and spasmodic reference to the fact that this nation is in mortal danger. There are, it is true, occasional informative programs presented in that intellectual ghetto on Sunday afternoons. But during the daily peak viewing periods, television in the main insulates us from the realities of the world in which we live. If this state of affairs continues, we may alter an advertising slogan to read: "Look Now, Pay Later." For surely we shall pay for using this most powerful instrument of communication to insulate the citizenry from the hard and demanding realities which must be faced if we are to survive. I mean the word—survive—literally. If there were to be a competition in indifference, or perhaps in insulation from reality, then Nero and his fiddle, Chamberlain and his umbrella, could not find a place on an early-afternoon sustaining show. If Hollywood were to run out of Indians, the program schedules would be mangled beyond all recognition. Then, some courageous soul with a small budget might be able to do a documentary telling what, in fact, we have done—and are still doing—to the Indians in this country. But that would be unpleasant. And we must at all costs shield the sensitive citizens from anything that is unpleasant.

Yet, I am entirely persuaded that the American public is more reasonable, restrained and more mature than most of our industry's program planners believe. Their fear of controversy is not warranted by the evidence. I have reason to know that when the evidence on a controversial subject is fairly and calmly presented, the public recognizes it for what it is—an effort to illuminate rather than agitate.

Several years ago, when we undertook to do a program on Egypt and Israel, well-meaning, experienced and intelligent friends shook their heads and said: "This you cannot do—you will be handed your head—it is an emotion-packed controversy, and there is no room for reason in it." We did the program. Zionists, anti-Zionists, the friends of the Middle East, Egyptian and Israeli officials said, with a faint note of surprise: "It was a fair count. The information was there. We have no complaints."

Our experience was similar with two half-hour programs dealing with cigarette smoking and lung cancer. Both the medical profession and the tobacco industry cooperated in a rather wary fashion. But in the end they were both reasonably content. The subject of radioactive fall-out and the banning of nuclear tests was and is highly controversial. But according to what little evidence there is, viewers were prepared to listen to both sides with reason and restraint. This is not said to claim any special or unusual competence in the presentation of controversial subjects, but rather to indicate that timidity in these areas is not warranted by the evidence.

The oldest excuse of the networks for their timidity is their youth. Their spokesmen say: "We are young; we have not developed the traditions, nor acquired the experience of the older media." If they but knew it, they are building those traditions, creating those precedents every day. Each time they yield to a voice from Washington or any political pressure, each time they eliminate something that might offend some section of the community, they are creating their own body of precedent and tradition. It is much less troublesome to use the money-making machine of television and radio merely as a conduit through which to channel anything that is not libelous, obscene or defamatory. In that way one has the illusion of power without responsibility.

One of the minor tragedies of television news and information is that the networks will not even defend their vital interests. When my employer, CBS, through a combination of enterprise and good luck, did an interview with Nikita Khrushchev, the President uttered a few ill-chosen, uninformed words on the subject, and the network practically apologized. This produced a rarity. Many newspapers defended the CBS right to produce the program and commended it for initiative. But the other networks remained silent. Likewise, when John Foster Dulles, by personal decree, banned American journalists from going to Communist China, and subsequently offered contradictory explanations, the networks entered only a mild protest. Then they apparently forgot the unpleasantness. Can it be that this national industry is con-

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EDWARD R. MURROW, *who says he "lives on trouble," once thought of going into politics—and did, through broadcasting. He has received almost every radio and TV award invented, and is best known today for his two shows: "Person to Person" and "See It Now." This article is adapted from an address delivered last month before the Association of Radio and Television News Directors.*

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tent to serve the public interest only with the trickle of news that comes out of Hong Kong, leaving its viewers in ignorance of the cataclysmic changes that are occurring in a nation of 600 million people? I have no illusions about the difficulties of reporting from a dictatorship; but our British and French allies have been better served —in their public interest—with some very useful information from their reporters in Communist China.

One of the basic troubles with radio and television news is that both instruments have grown up as an incompatible combination of show business, advertising and news. Each of the three is a rather bizarre and demanding profession. And when you get all three under one roof, the dust never settles. The top management of the networks, with a few notable exceptions, has been trained in advertising, research, sales or show business. But by the nature of the corporate structure, they also make the final and crucial decisions having to do with news and public affairs. Frequently they have neither the time nor the competence to do this. It is not easy for the same small group of men to decide whether to buy a new station for millions of dollars, build a new building, alter the rate card, buy a new Western, sell a soap opera, decide what defensive line to take in connection with the latest Congressional inquiry, how much money to spend on promoting a new program, what additions or deletions should be made in the existing covey or clutch of vice presidents, and at the same time to give mature, thoughtful consideration to the manifold problems that confront those who are charged with the responsibility for news and public affairs.

Sometimes there is a clash between the public interest and the corporate interest. A telephone call, or a letter from the proper quarter in Washington is treated rather more seriously than a communication from an irate viewer. It is tempting enough to give away a little air time for frequently irresponsible and unwarranted utterances, in an effort to temper the wind of criticism.

Upon occasion, economics and editorial judgment are in conflict. And there is no law which says that dollars will be defeated by duty. Not so long ago the President of the United States delivered a television address to the nation. He was discoursing on the possibility or probability of war between this nation and the Soviet Union and Communist China—a reasonably compelling subject. Two networks—CBS and NBC—delayed that broadcast for an hour and fifteen minutes. If this decision was dictated by anything other than financial reasons, the networks didn't deign to explain those reasons. That hour-and-fifteen-minute delay, by the way, is about twice the time required for an ICBM to travel from the Soviet Union to major targets in the United States. It is difficult to believe that this decision was made by men who love, respect and understand news.

Now I believe that potentially, we have in this country a free enterprise system of radio and television which is superior to any other. But to achieve its promise, it must be both free and enterprising. There is no suggestion here that networks or individual stations should operate as philanthropies. But I can find nothing in the Bill of Rights or the Communications Act which says that they must increase their net profits each year, lest the republic collapse. I do not suggest that news and information should be subsidized by foundations or private subscriptions. I am aware that the networks have expended, and are expending very considerable sums of money on public affairs programs from which they cannot hope to receive any financial reward. I have had the privilege at CBS of presiding over a considerable number of such programs, and I have never had a program turned down by my superiors because of the money it would cost.

But we all know that you cannot reach the potential maximum audience in marginal time with a sustaining program. This is so because so many stations on the network—any network—will decline to carry it. Every licensee who applies for a grant to operate in the public interest, convenience and necessity, makes certain promises as to what he will do in terms of program content. Many recipients of licenses have, in blunt language, welshed on those promises. The money-making machine somehow blunts their memories. The only remedy for this is closer inspection and punitive action by the FCC. But in the view of many this would come perilously close to supervision of program content by a federal agency.

So it seems that we cannot rely on philanthropic support or Foundation subsidies, we cannot follow the "sustaining route," the networks cannot pay all the freight, and the FCC cannot or will not discipline those who abuse the facilities that belong to the public.

What, then, is the answer? Do we merely stay in our comfortable nests, concluding that the obligation of these instruments has been discharged when we work at the job of informing the public for a minimum of time?

I am frightened by the imbalance, the constant striving to reach the largest possible audience for everything, by absence of a sustained study of the state of the nation. Heywood Broun once said: "No body politic is healthy until it begins to itch." I would like television to produce some itching pills rather than this outpouring of tranquilizers. It can be done. Maybe it won't be, but it could. Do not be deluded into believing that the titular heads of the networks control what appears on their networks. They all have better taste. All are responsible to stockholders, and in my experience all are honorable men. But they must schedule what they can sell in the public market. And this brings us to the nub of the question.

In one sense it rather revolves around the phrase heard frequently along Madison Avenue: "The Corporate Image." I am not precisely sure what this phrase means, but I would imagine that it reflects a desire on the part of the corporations who pay the advertising bills, to have

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the public imagine, or believe, that they are not merely bodies with no souls, panting in pursuit of elusive dollars. They would like us to believe that they can distinguish between the public good and the private or corporate gain. So the question is this: Are the big corporations who pay the freight for radio and television programs wise to use that time *exclusively* for the sale of goods and services? Is it in their own interest and that of the stockholders to do so? The sponsor of an hour's television program is not buying merely the six minutes devoted to his commercial message. He is determining, within broad limits, the sum total of the impact of the entire hour. If he always, invariably, reaches for the largest possible audience then this process of insulation, of escape from reality, will continue to be massively financed, and its apologists will continue to make winsome speeches about giving the public what it wants, or "letting the public decide."

I refuse to believe that the presidents and chairmen of the boards of these big corporations want their "corporate image" to consist exclusively of a solemn voice in an echo chamber, or a pretty girl opening the door of a refrigerator, or a horse that talks. They want something better, and on occasion some of them have demonstrated it. But most of the men, whose legal and moral responsibility it is to spend the stockholders' money for advertising are removed from the realities of the mass media by five, six, or a dozen contraceptive layers of vice presidents, public relations counsels and advertising agencies. Their business is to sell goods, and the competition is pretty tough.

But this nation is now in competition with malignant forces of evil who are using every instrument at their command to empty the minds of their subjects, and fill those minds with slogans, determination, and faith in the future. If we go on as we are, we are protecting the mind of the American public from any real contact with the menacing world that squeezes in upon us. We are handicapping ourselves needlessly.

Why should not each of the 20 or 30 big corporations which dominate radio and television decide that they will give up one or two of their regularly scheduled programs each year, turn the time over to the networks, and say in effect: "This is a tiny tithe, just a little bit of our profits. On this particular night we aren't going to try to sell cigarettes or automobiles; this is merely a gesture to indicate our belief in the importance of ideas." The networks should, and I think would, pay for the cost of producing the program. The advertiser, the sponsor, would get name credit, but would have nothing to do with the content of the program. Would this blemish the corporate image? Would the stockholders object? I think not. For the premise upon which our pluralistic society rests—as I understand it—is that if the people are given sufficient undiluted information, they will then somehow, even after long, sober second thoughts, reach the right decision. If that premise is wrong, not only the corporate image but the corporations are done for.

There used to be an old phrase in this country, employed when someone talked too much. It was: "Go hire a hall." Under the proposal I am advancing, the sponsor would have hired the hall; he has bought the time; the local station operator, no matter how indifferent, is going to carry the program—he has to. Then it's up to the networks to fill the hall. I am not here talking about editorializing, but about straightaway exposition as direct, unadorned and impartial, as fallible human beings can make it. Let us dream to the extent of saying that on a given Sunday night the time normally occupied by Ed Sullivan is given over to a clinical survey of the state of American education, and a week or two later the time normally used by Steve Allen is devoted to a thoroughgoing study of American policy in the Middle East. Would the corporate image of their respective sponsors be damaged? Would the stockholders rise up in their wrath and complain? Would anything happen other than that a few million people would have received a little illumination on subjects that may well determine the future of this country, and therefore the future of the corporations? This method would also provide real competition between the networks as to which could outdo the others in the palatable presentation of information. It would provide an outlet for the young men of skill, who would like to do something other than devise methods of insulating while selling.

PERHAPS the moneymaking machine has some kind of built-in perpetual motion, but I do not think so. To a very considerable extent the media of mass communications in a given country reflects the political, economic and social climate in which it flourishes. We are currently wealthy, fat, comfortable and complacent. We have currently a built-in allergy to unpleasant or disturbing information. Our mass media reflect this. But unless we get up off our fat surpluses and recognize that television in the main is being used to distract, delude, amuse and insulate us, then television and those who finance it, those who look at it and those who work at it, may see a totally different picture too late.

I do not advocate that we turn television into a 27-inch wailing wall, where long-hairs constantly moan about the state of our culture and our defense. But I would just like to see it reflect, occasionally, the hard, unyielding realities of the world in which we live. I would like to see it done inside the existing framework, and I would like to see the doing of it redound to the credit of those who finance and program it. Measure the results by Neilsen, Trendex or Silex—it doesn't matter, the main thing is to try. The responsibility can be easily placed, in spite of all the mouthings about giving the public what it wants. It rests on big business, and on big television, and it rests at the top.

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Eggheads and Politics

Galbraith and Schlesinger Reply to Leon Keyserling

TWO WEEKS AGO *in these pages, Leon Keyserling, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers under President Truman, took issue with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s thesis ("Death Wish of the Democrats,"* NR, *Sept. 15, 1958) that by excluding intellectuals and "creative" liberalism, the Democratic Party may be "blowing out its own brains." He extended his criticism to include the "rather closely allied" ideas of John K. Galbraith, as expressed in his best-selling* The Affluent Society. *All three scholars are members of the National Democratic Advisory Council's Subcommittee on Economic Policy. Here Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger offer their rejoinders. Mr. Keyserling will have a further word in answer next week.*

MY DIFFERENCE with Leon Keyserling is less over the content of the liberal platform than over what comes first. In the decade of the great depression and in the war and postwar years no one could question the gains from increased output. Nothing else solved so much nor paved the way for so many solutions. It was a fighting issue, for the head-in-sand conservatives either denied the possibility of such expansion or urged the policies—retrenchment, balanced budgets, dear money—which would prevent it. We should recall with gratitude that Mr. Keyserling, first as a member and then as the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, had a dominant voice in economic policy during the period of the greatest peacetime increase in national product.

But like so many warriors, Mr. Keyserling has, I suspect, an affinity for the old battles. He does not minimize the importance of getting resources into public use, but he does continue to attach first importance to the rate of increase in total output. I would now reverse the priorities. Our supply of privately-produced goods is generous. Production is of greatest importance for the employment and income it generates. And in contrast with this affluence is the starvation of public services and responsibilities both domestic and foreign. We must conclude, accordingly, that the nature of use of economic resources is now the first problem. I would even like to persuade Mr. Keyserling and as many other people as possible that growth itself is best guaranteed by a policy that concentrates on a better balance between public and private resource use. To this Mr. Keyserling would say, and has said, that growth makes much easier the transfer to essential public employments. This I doubt—or at least on this point one can easily be over-optimistic. In his essay the week before last Mr. Keyserling has an effective passage on the importance of foreign aid. And he concludes it with these words:

> Our default on this score is stupendous. The percentage of our total national product which has been flowing in recent years into international economic cooperation and assistance is so imperceptible that one blushes to mention it . . . a high rate of economic growth at home would not *per se* provide the will to spend abroad, but it would provide the means and some better foundation for popular assent for what we need to do.

But we should probe more deeply into this failure—into the reasons why, as our Gross National Product has grown, so has the complaint over diversion to important overseas use. Surely it is because we expand private production by expanding private wants and hence expansion does not leave us with more, or much more, left over. So it does not improve proportionately our public position, at least in the absence of a powerful determination to the contrary. Accordingly, the exercise of that determination, not the expansion of output, is the first task.

This involves a number of things. We cannot, on *a priori* grounds, rule out any tax which helps correct the balance. More important, we must prevent inflation, for this works relentlessly against public services and in favor of those who can profit from price advances. Inflation is not a matter of personal convenience or inconvenience, and it would be disastrous were liberals to come to accept it as inevitable.

May I be permitted one or two final observations? Mr. Keyserling taxes me with advocating unemployment as an inflation remedy. I am persuaded that to keep unemployment always at the frictional minimum poses an impossible task in economic management and means continuing increases in wages and prices. To escape this necessity I have urged a major reform of our unemployment compensation system. But I confess that I am not strongly enamoured of unemployment and economic slack as a way of insuring price stability. It is for this reason that I have gone on to propose public intervention in wage and price setting in the administered price industries. That I have urged this in the present climate of opinion should be a modest antidote to Mr. Keyserling's fear that I am backsliding into comfortable conservatism.

Like all polished debaters, Mr. Keyserling occasionally plays for points. He notes that I speak somewhere of "our affluent world." I imagine that I did use the phrase. But I think both Mr. Keyserling and everyone else realized that the reference was not to the terrestrial globe but idiomatically to the community by which we are surrounded. In any case, early in the book I point out that the "affluent world" is but a minute fraction of the world at large.

He also implies that, since I cite figures for families with incomes of under a thousand dollars, I bless a higher figure as adequate. Nothing could have been farther from my thought. My purpose was to show that the proportion of the

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truly wretched were persisting in face of expanding incomes in general and to argue, specifically, that Mr. Keyserling's expanding economy will not rescue them from their misery. For it is not that these people lack opportunity. Rather it is that the community has failed to prepare them—physically, mentally, or morally—to grasp whatever opportunities exist. Once again the problem is not the total output but of increasing the investment in people, and this is largely a public responsibility.

As we go up the income scale there is an increasing likelihood that increasing Gross National Product will mean an increase in the income of the particular group. Such groups are more fully participant in the economy and they have a stronger bargaining position. Thus to concentrate on increasing product is to identify one's self with the somewhat better-to-do as well as to risk ignoring those at the very bottom. This tendency is also one I would hope we might soon reverse.

JOHN K. GALBRAITH

★

I WELCOME Leon Keyserling's piece in *The New Republic* of October 27 as a thoughtful contribution to the discussion of the role of the intellectual in politics. It was written with Mr. Keyserling's usual high ability and in admirable temper; and, while I do not agree with everything he says, I believe that anything he says should be listened to. At the risk, however, of protracting the discussion, I hope you will permit me to correct a couple of false impressions which Mr. Keyserling's rendition of my views may have left in the minds of some readers.

1. I quite agree with Mr. Keyserling when he says he would "rather trust a good part of our political programs to the seasoned politicians than to the eggheads" (if by "seasoned politicians" he means, as I assume he does mean, the Wilsons, Roosevelts, Trumans and Stevensons as well as the Kellys, Hagues and De Sapios). I have never suggested otherwise. The issue thus raised is wholly a false one. The question which I have sought to discuss is *not* professionals vs. intellectuals. The question that concerns me is professionals-who-seek-out-ideas-and-work-with-intellectuals vs. party hacks. This is the issue raised in New York and Connecticut. I hardly think that Mr. Keyserling, if he would read more carefully what I say, would disagree on this. (Mr. Keyserling adds, "The Democratic Party today, and the role of the liberals in it, *may* be different from a generation ago, but Mr. Schlesinger's evidence to this effect is not very convincing." Surely Mr. Keyserling recognizes the difference between pointing to a tendency and stating a conclusion! All I did was to define a tendency visible in the Democratic Party of the northeast; I wrote that "if [this tendency] continues, it will transform the character of the party"; I pronounced *no* verdict about the Democratic Party as a whole, and I wish people would stop assuming that I did.)

I wonder whether Mr. Keyserling in his passion for humility does not carry the intellectual's self-abnegation a little far. He writes that he would have preferred Mr. Finletter or Mr. Bowles to Mr. Hogan or Mr. Dodd; but he gives the impression that it really doesn't matter very much; Hogan, after all, may turn out to be another Royal S. Copeland ("a good man and true"); and in any case intellectuals ought not to worry about such things. This, if I may say so, is nonsense. It would have been a world of difference to have Finletter or Bowles in the Senate rather than the men whom we are going to have, and I see no reason why intellectuals should not say so. Nor should Mr. Keyserling really downgrade the contribution of intellectuals too much. After all, he, and I, and Mr. Galbraith, and all of us are living to a great extent off Lord Keynes, who was, I suppose, the classic egghead of the 20th Century.

2. I am sorry to see Mr. Keyserling give currency to the preposterous suggestion that I am an isolationist. That idea, which was invented for polemical reasons by Dr. Max Ascoli in 1956, seems to derive from a failure on the part of Dr. Ascoli—and now of Mr. Keyserling—to understand an elementary distinction between the *need* for a strong foreign policy and the *conditions* under which a strong foreign policy is likely to develop. Of course, issues of foreign policy are more pressing than ever; far from favoring, as Mr. Keyserling says, "going slow on the international front," I thought I had been advocating for years programs far in advance of those now before us. But does Mr. Keyserling never ask why the kind of measures he and I would favor in the foreign field are not carried out? Does he not wonder why our official rhetoric has such a tinny sound in the ears of the world? The answer to this, of course, is that our foreign policy can carry moral conviction to the world only so far as it expresses realities within our own national community. The Eisenhower Administration has not earned the right to preach freedom and opportunity to the world because it has not fought for these things at home. It was the New Freedom which validated the Fourteen Points, as it was the New Deal which validated the Four Freedoms. Until we have a moral and political revival in our national community, our foreign policy is likely to continue impotent or to depend exclusively on armed strength. This does not mean that we must not try to do everything we can on the foreign front; of course we must. It means only that we can never forget that foreign policy is only the face a nation wears to the world, and that its sources of vitality and power lie in what we do and what we *are* at home.

This too is why I made the suggestion that Mr. Keyserling found so comic—that men like Emerson, Thoreau, William James have some relevance to the current situation of the American liberal. "I can hardly imagine a candidate thumping for dear old William James," Mr. Keyserling writes. Nor can I; but I suspect that, if American liberalism could recover a little of the critical passion and the moral and intellectual energy of the man whom Mr. Keyserling patronizes as "dear old" William James, they would not be spending time in holding mournful discussions as to their proper role in politics.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Novels of the Post-War World

by Irving Howe

NO ONE has supposed that writing a good novel was ever easy, but it can seldom have been more difficult than during the past fifteen years. A drift toward what we vaguely call the "mass society" seems to have begun in America, but so far we can do little more than record our awareness of it. No social scientist has yet come up with a theory that is entirely satisfying; no novelist has quite captured the peculiar blend of frenzy and lassitude, amiability and meanness that marked this era.

The Violated, by Vance Bourjaily (Dial; $4.95). *Parktilden Village*, by George P. Elliot (Beacon; $3.50). *A World of Strangers*, by Nadine Gordimer (Simon & Schuster; $3.95). *An End and a Beginning*, by James Hanley (Horizon; $3.95).

The writers whose work began to appear shortly before or during the Second World War had to face not merely the familiar problem of the confusion of values which for decades had gripped our civilization. For that they were quite prepared. They had also to face a problem which, in actually putting together a novel must have been still more troublesome: our society lent itself to no assured definition; class relations were becoming blurred or devious; the familiar social landmarks and categories were now felt to be as fluid as a previous generation had come to regard the moral imperatives of the Victorian Age.

How to give shape to a world increasingly shapeless; how to reclaim the traditional assumption of the novel that significant connections can be discovered between a style of social behavior and a code of moral judgment, or if that proves impossible, to find ways of imaginatively projecting the code in its own right—these were and remain perplexing matters. And the fumblings of social scientists as they tried to describe post-war American society were duplicated at numerous points in recent fiction; it was as if the guidelines of both our social thought and literary conventions were being gradually erased.

Let me give a simple example. Some years ago VanWyck Brooks had spoken of the conflict between the life of the spirit and the life of commerce, and with the moral exaltation that characterized his early work, had called upon American writers to make their choice. Most of them did. Almost every important writer in Twentieth Century America, whether or not he had read Brooks, had implicitly accepted his statement as the truth and had chosen to speak for the life of the spirit. Since the time of Dreiser this had formed one of the central assumptions or motifs of American literature.

But was the conflict between spirit and commerce, between culture and society still so acute during the post-war years? Was not a continued belief in this conflict essentially a hang-over from the ideologies of the thirties? Might there not be ground for feeling, during the careless prosperity of post-war America, that a new and more moderate vision of society should inform the work of our novelists?

Those writers favoring a more "positive" approach to American society found it hard to embody their sentiments in dramatic images and fictional situations. The values of accommodation were there for the asking, but they seemed to resist creative use. Those writers who retained a desire to see American society as Brooks had seen it, found it harder to cope with the chaotic energies of the day. Most of them were unable—or too shrewd—to deal with the post-war experience directly; they preferred tangents of suggestion to frontal representation; they could express their criticism of American society only through literary obliqueness, through fable, prophecy or nostalgia.

Morally, the young novelists were often more secure than their predecessors. Few of them were as susceptible to money and glitter as Fitzgerald; few had Hemingway's weakness for bravado and swagger; few succumbed to hallucinatory rhetoric in the manner of Faulkner. Yet as novelists they were less happily "placed" than the writers who had begun to publish in the twenties and early thirties. They lacked the pressure of inevitable subjects, the pressure of fiercely impinging situations and locales. They lacked equivalents of Fitzgerald's absorption in the rich, Hemingway's identification with expatriates, Faulkner's concern for the crumbling South. Sentiments they had in abundance, and often very fine ones; but to twist a remark of Gertrude Stein's, literature is not made of sentiments.

ONE MAJOR SUBJECT did come through in the post-war novel: the individual's search for personal freedom and identity in a world that seemed hostile or indifferent. By its very nature, however, this subject needed a social placement, a setting in the turmoil of practical affairs, in order to gain fictional substance. And here our novelists ran into trouble: the connection between subject and setting could not always be made, and the "individual" of their novels, because he lacked social definition and was often a creature of fiat, tended to be not very individualized. Some of our best post-war novels, those by Bellow and Ellison, do focus suggestively on the problem of personal identity; but the assertiveness of idea and vanity of style which sometimes creep into their work are the result, I think, of clamping a subject onto a novel rather than allowing it to grow out of one's sense of a particular moment and place. The proclamation of personal identity in recent fiction seems to me—if I may use a fashionable phrase—more a product of the will than of the imagination.

At this point, however, I hear a sophisticated young voice interrupting: do subjects really count for so much in the novel? Some academic critics and three-named lady reviewers for *The Herald Tribune* will tell you that they do not, since, as one of the latter minced to me a while back, fiction deals with "the heart of man at war with itself."

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The novelist, however, knows better. He knows that the novelist is inseparable from time and history, and that one of his main problems in dealing with "the heart of man at war with itself" is to design the right battlefield on which to stage the war.

THE INTEREST and perhaps importance of Vance Bourjaily's new novel lies in the fact that he is one of the few serious young novelists who has tried to go directly toward the center of post-war experience. Not circuses that are to be taken as emblems of the modern world, nor picaresque tales about cocky boys from Chicago, nor nostalgic retrospects of down-and-outers in the thirties, but an enormous realistic narrative about four ordinary people who reach adulthood in the Second World War—this is Mr. Bourjaily's battlefield.

The Violated seems to me a failure, but an interesting one, if only because of the way in which Mr. Bourjaily's courage and ambition lead him to repeated troubles. He has chosen to write one of those full-scale, lavishly detailed narratives composed of parallel and intersecting levels. Such a technique, borrowed from the social novel of the early years of the century, assumes that society is distinctly, even rigidly stratified; that its component classes are intrinsically interesting and worth observing; that a novelist can arrange a conflict between members of these classes which will be dramatic in its own right and representative of larger issues; and that thereby the narrative can finally be brought to a coherent climax.

But for the material Mr. Bourjaily has chosen—the lives of pitiful and bewildered drifters during the past two decades—these assumptions do not operate with sufficient force. His central characters are not distinctive enough, either in social or personal qualities, to warrant separate strands of narrative. As they collapse into each other's lives, the successes of one indistinguishable from the failures of the other, they create a smudge of sadness at the very point where the novel demands tension and clarity. Like the post-war society they reflect, these characters are too much of a sameness, so that one wearies of their presence almost as quickly as one credits their reality.

Still, it might be said that Farrell and Dos Passos, in their early work, persuade us to find meaning in the lives of characters no more estimable or interesting than those of *The Violated*. Yes; but there, for writers of Mr. Bourjaily's generation, seems to be the rub. What keeps one absorbed in *USA* and *Studs Lonigan* is not so much their characters as the driving passion, the anger rising from a hurt of spirit, that lies behind these naturalistic novels and makes us finally indifferent to any awkwardness of idea or language. Mr. Bourjaily has presented some of the accumulative ardor of the naturalistic novel, but he lacks—and how can one expect him to have?—the social force of the early Dos Passos or early Farrell. The volcano of naturalism remains on the horizon, but it no longer smokes.

Yet I found myself admiring Mr. Bourjaily's decision to face directly the emptiness and wastefulness of much American life. There are some fine sections in his book, notably one on the inner happenings of a television show. Whenever the social world of *The Violated* allows itself to be pressed into some sort of shape, whenever Mr. Bourjaily can persuade us that his characters form part of a knowable and charted environment, his work comes alive.

GEORGE P. ELLIOT'S *Parktilden Village* is more skillful than *The Violated*, but less venturesome and, I think, less forthright in facing up to recent American experience. It is fluently written and except for some flashy wisecracks, yields pleasure sentence by sentence, insight by insight.

Mr. Elliot writes about academic life: a young sociologist who is decent and intelligent but lacks the moral sense, becomes involved with an academic family where the father is an icy scientist, the mother a charming do-gooder, and the daughter one of those frightening young strangers who, we are told, finds equal satisfaction in playing Scarlatti and racing a hotrod. The derelictions of this vivid but somewhat romanticized girl are, as it turns out, traced to the moral and emotional failures of her elders: you and me, sociologist, scientist, liberal. (One can't help wondering, though, what success a little magazine critic would have in achieving rapport with the girl.)

Mr. Elliot is skillful at satirizing the fashionable moderation of academic manners. He composes remarkable descriptions of the pleasure and freedom to be found in racing a souped-up car. He has genuine insights into the pathetic nihilism of the hotrodders. Yet his novel collapses at the end, largely because it becomes clear that he has all the while had manipulative designs on his material—somewhat like his sociologist on the assembled ladies.

The young girl, discovering that she shares the bed of the sociologist with her mother, suffers a shock and runs off with the local hotrod champ, a pillar of speechlessness. Though the sociologist knows that he has done wrong, he feels no guilt; and that, one wearily concludes, is why Mr. Elliot has cast him as a sociologist: the valueless villain of modern life, the man who meddles without taking responsibility, the stock *bete noir* of certain sorts of pompous "humanists." This damage done, the scientist father melts into human awareness, and the wife into a tentative religion.

Now the subject of *Parktilden Village* is a genuine one: surely there can be few more interesting matters these days than the terrifying distance between the generation born after 1940 and the rest of us. Mr. Elliot is a naturally gifted writer who keeps things moving nicely, cleverly. But in the end one feels cheated. The material has been set up to serve a case: it all seems too neat, everything bends too conveniently to the writer's preconceptions, and what should have been an imitation of life comes to read like a fictional gloss on an essay in *Sewanee Review*.

NADINE GORDIMER'S *A World of Strangers* is set in South Africa, and this alone would seem to remove it from the problems I have been noting here. Yet Miss Gordimer, a very sophisticated young writer, seems almost as responsive to the moods of literary New York and London as she is to those painful consequences of *apartheid* which form her subject. *A World of Strangers* might even be read as an expression of, and then amendment to, a dominant theme in recent American fiction: the unqualified assertion of personal freedom.

Tobias Hood, the central figure of the novel, is a young Englishman weary of his family's progressivism and contemptuous of causes and ideologies. Thrust by chance into South Africa, he meets some likeable upper-class Englishmen but is repelled by their failure to respond to

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the shame of the life about them; makes friends with those tiny groups that try to maintain some fraternal contact between the races; and is drawn particularly to Steven Sibole, a young Negro who refuses to accept the struggle and humiliation that go with "Negro-ness" and instead, by ruse and roguery, tries to carve out a life of his own.

Readers of contemporary American fiction will recognize Hood as a familiar protagonist and Sibole, beautifully sketched in by Miss Gordimer, as a figure who seems to have stepped straight out of the pages of Ellison and Bellow. The very accents in which Hood praises Sibole are strikingly contemporary:

> He's a rebel against rebellion. On the side, he's got a private revolution of his own; it's waged for himself, but quite a lot of people may benefit. . . . He won't troop along with your Congress, or get himself arrested in the public library, but in spite of everything the white man does to knock the spirit out of him, he remains very much alive. . . .

Miss Gordimer yields every possible advantage to this outlook, but as a writer of formidable intelligence she cannot help seeing that in "a world of strangers" a sensitive man cannot live merely by personal values. Her novel hardly constitutes — there is no reason why it should—a call to militancy; but it is admirable for its recognition that vanity may lie at the heart of personal cultivation and coldness be a cause of that sneering at public gestures which has recently been so fashionable.

Yet the novel is sadly flawed by Miss Gordimer's literary self-consciousness. She spins her sentences immaculately; she never drops into anger or vital passion; the satiny flow of similes and metaphors, modestly calling attention to themselves, survives every pressure of her subject. It is a style of lacquered self-protectiveness which undercuts the meaning of the explicit action. Like an old-time movie heroine after a thrilling chase, Miss Gordimer emerges unmarred and neatly groomed from each bout with her material. The subject of *A World of Strangers* may indicate that Miss Gordimer lives in Johannesburg, that very hell of our world; but her style suggests that she is really an inhabitant of *The New Yorker*.

With James Hanley's *An End and a Beginning* we enter another fictional world. Almost nothing I have mentioned in this article—the changing nature of our society, the cult of personal values—has much bearing on his work. He writes about one of those situations that is not decisively bound to a particular moment or place: the struggle of a man released from 15 years in prison to gain some sense of who he is and what he is to do. The physical setting is realized with enormous vividness: Gelton, a grimy English town, and later in the book, an Irish country house. But these simply form a stable backdrop to one of the classical gambits of the novel, one of those recurrent pieces of business that, like adultery, is always usable if only the writer can breathe fresh conviction into it.

The plot is simple. Released from prison, Peter Fury finds himself frightened and lonely in the town of Gelton, retreats to his native Ireland, there seeks the solace of long nervous walks and an impromptu confession to a monk, has a brief feverish affair with a sister-in-law whom he has loved since boyhood, and then stumbles into an undetermined future. So utterly sharp and vivid is Mr. Hanley's account of Fury's experience that the inconclusiveness of the ending comes to seem its most moving aspect, the very stamp of tragedy. Mr. Hanley writes with great sensuous power; he has grasped the fact, as only a mature writer can, that it is the very experience we seek which corrodes and exhausts us; and so one comes to accept, as one moves from page to page, the total reality of his imagined world.

Because he is far beyond display or virtuosity, Mr. Hanley cares only for the realized impression, only for the fabric of meaning that is the sum of these impressions. Except for a lapse in the middle, where he felt a need for comic relief, he drives forward with a marvellous single-mindedness, and at times the gritty vividness of the book leaves one exhausted, as from too concentrated an involvement with other human beings. But one has no doubt that it has been an involvement of significance and worth.

Thinking back now to these four books I must uneasily confess that while Mr. Hanley's is clearly the best of them, it was the one that, in some ways, interested me least. It is a distinguished minor novel, an example of doing well what has often been done well before. That is always worth our respect and attention, yet my more intense interest went out to the other three novels, to their hesitant glances at new areas of subject matter and feeling. Perhaps this is the curse of writing professionally about books—the temptation always to find relationships and those wretched "trends." But for the reader who, happily, cares about nothing except the immediate experience of the book, *An End and a Beginning* is clearly the thing.

The Elusive Middle East

by Elizabeth Monroe

"Let us shut them out and be jolly," says E. M. Forster's Dr. Aziz of the westerners in Chandrapore, but the rest of *A Passage to India* is proof that he cannot do it. However much your Asian or African may hate the West, he is in thrall to its ingenuity, and will remain so until he has discovered the secret of its worldly success.

The Passing of Traditional Society: Modernizing the Middle East, by Daniel Lerner (Free Press; $7.50).

Under the influence of literacy or, even more, of the mass media such as films and radio that now by-pass literacy, a huge process of psychological change is taking place in Asia and Africa. The closed mind of "traditional" man is turning into the receptive and enquiring one of his "transitional" successor. Transitional man has opinions, exchanges them with his fellows, and grasps that he can shape his lot—that policy may be a better agent for change than prayer. From the moment of this revelation, a new form of social energy is generated. The object of this book is to measure its scope and momentum in the Middle East.

As a first task, it has to describe the system of measurement. How to com-

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pare men as diverse as the sturdy Turkish smallholder, the thin desert camel driver and fat Lebanese banker, the Egyptian sharecropper suffering from trachoma and worms, and the sour, expatriate Palestinian teacher? How to compare six countries that have neither race nor language in common, indeed, whose only shared features are their Islamic faith, their geographic location and their common experience of a sudden awakening from the sleep of centuries? For the first hundred pages of his book, Professor Lerner describes the process whereby he makes his matrix. (The questionnaire he uses through the medium of local, native enquirers is given in full in an appendix.) For the rest of it, he uses this matrix to make six country-studies — of Turkey, Lebanon, Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Iran. (It would be interesting to know why a plan to use it misfired in Iraq.) Even this brief description shows that he has put two books between a single pair of boards. As he himself disarmingly confesses, he has aimed at both the social scientist and the area expert, has overcondensed, and cannot satisfy either. In fact, he gives them both nourishment, but also indigestion. To avoid inflicting another bout of it, this review will concentrate on his second volume — his Middle Eastern Survey.

HIS CONTENTION here is that as Turk, Arab and Iranian develop from passive illiterates into transitionals and begin to hold opinions and shape society, they show certain sequences that are common to all of them, indeed, are common the world over. For instance, it is axiomatic that in the drama of reception versus rejection of new ideas, the city will always move faster than the village. The detection and disclosure of regularities of this kind is "the main gift of social policy," and, did Middle Eastern transitionals but know it, the regularities are so constant that "a rough draft of the third act is already written." This is true, all right, in the realm of gadgets; one can measure roughly at what pace and under what impulsions Arabs will buy radios, or take to western clothes, or quit the bazaar for the super-market, or even want ballot boxes.

But it is much less true, if true at all, in the realm of the mind; who can assert that two quite different civilizations will put the same opinion into those ballot boxes? Book II never makes good the assertion in Book I that "Middle Eastern modernizers would do well to study the historical sequence of western growth."

FOR the Middle East is deeply, perhaps permanently, marked by an experience the West has never known— centuries of complete confidence in a God-given religion and system of laws that have suddenly been knocked away as easily as if they were rotten. What it at first thought to be merely a temporary lapse in its necessary superiority turns out to be hopeless inferiority. In frenzy, it is looking for the secret of Western success. Is it democracy? No. Then dictatorship? Perhaps. Or inventiveness? Arabs and Iranians are rubbing their eyes. All that can be said with relative certainty is that once the touchstone is discovered, the Middle East will, to give itself confidence and cohesion, pounce upon it and declare: "Islam is THIS." Professor Lerner suggests as much in an interesting last chapter so full of honest doubt and questioning that it belies some of his earlier sureness about the predictability of "regularities."

It is as an instrument for picturing present conditions that his matrix seems most serviceable. The samples of opinion that he produces are very small— here 304 cases in Lebanon, there 234 in Iran, out of populations of about 1.5 million and about 19 million respectively. Old hands at observing the area are bound to wag their heads and say that his results, even though collected by indigenous teams, are bound to be falsified either by the local instinct to conceal private affairs from strangers who may be spies, or else because by Arab or Iranian standards it is polite to say what you think will please. How can a stranger gather information, says the skeptic, in a country in which the population varies by three million depending upon whether the enquirer is collecting figures for sugar rationing or for military service? Yet, in fact, many of the Lerner tables confound criticism by bearing out other observations; if the cross-section of the population was handpicked, it was picked well.

The questions he put to this cross-section have mainly to do with each individual's use of the media of communication (films, radio, newspapers, word of mouth, etc.) and each man's consequent picture of the world. The data he gets do not by themselves supply even a skeleton outline of local characteristics. To obtain this, and to clothe it, Professor Lerner, who is a sociologist specializing in the science of communication, brings in colleagues at MIT's Center for International Studies, notably one Lucille Pevsner. They draw copiously on a wide range of the best authorities in English on each country, and on local writings where these are available in translation, such as Naguib's and Nasser's books on their aims, a Syrian Communist report on the difficulty of organizing party activity in rural areas, or a young Turkish schoolmaster's moving account of the loneliness of pioneering in a village in Anatolia. Without this amplification, Professor Lerner's data would be so many cards in an index. With it, they come to life. In his phrase, they "discipline it with statistics."

There is a question on happiness and unhappiness that disposes at a blow of the illusion that the "good old days" were best. Transitionals or moderns— the people on whom it dawns that they can do something about their lot—say that they are happier than do traditionals living inside the carapace of ignorance and fatalism. Further, the opinions collected confirm a point that most travellers notice: that unhappiness among moderns is most prevalent in Jordan, where it is easily accounted for by the local load of ex-Palestinian refugees, and in Iran. For the first time, there is set out in figures a notation of the gloom, envy and apathy in which Iranian moderns live out their elegant lives.

ONE final word: is it really necessary for social scientists to use, and sometimes to manufacture, so abstruse a vocabulary? When economics was a young science, economists used to do the same; they have since come round to the view that it is important to get their knowledge over to the general public, and that it is as well to be easily understood. The limpid language in which local simpletons answer the questionnaire (and which is, by the way, beautifully translated) serves to show up the glutinous English in which much of the rest is written. Social scientists need to decide whether they are writing just for one another and for their specialist students, or whether they have a message they want to convey to ordinary people.

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Three Poems

by Boris Pasternak

I Would Go Home

I WOULD GO HOME again—to rooms
With sadness large at eventide,
Go in, take off my overcoat,
And in the light of streets outside

Take cheer. I'll pass the thin partitions
Right through, yes like a beam I'll pass,
As image blends into an image,
As one mass splits another mass.

Let all abiding mooted problems
Deep rooted in our fortunes seem
To some a sedentary habit;
Still even so I brood and dream.

Again the trees and houses breathe
Their old refrain and fragrant air.
Again to right and left old winter
Sets up her household everywhere.

Again by dinner time the dark
Comes suddenly—to blind, to scare,
To teach the narrow lanes and alleys
She'll fool them if they don't take care.

Again the skies seize unawares
The earth; again the whirlwinds blow
And wrap the last few dozen aspens
Deep in a cloak of drifting snow.

Again, though weak my heart, O Moscow,
I listen, and in words compose
The way you smoke, the way you grope,
The way your great construction goes.

And so I take you as my harness
For the sake of raging days to be,
That you may learn my verse by rote
And for my truth remember me.
1932

Thrushes

FAR at a lonely rural station
Deep silence falls on noontime plains.
Close by the railway line, goldfinches
Sing drowsily in dreamful lanes.

There boundless, burning as desire,
The highway stretches far in space.
A lilac woodland near looks like
A forelock of the cloud's grey face.

Along the wooded road the trees
Wave to the plodding horse in play.
Among the rotting stumps, in hollows,
Lie violets, leaf mould, decay.

No doubt the thirsting thrushes come
To drink in hollows such as these
When loud they sing the daylong tidings
With ice and passion in their knees.

In shrilling warnings long or short,
With thrilling passionate or cold,
Their brass-lined singing throats are glossy
With puddles of the leafy mould.

They have their knolls and sheltered nooks,
Sly games of peeping through blinds,
Their whispered fussing round the corners,
Their chatter, feuds about their finds.

Daylong throughout their airy quarters
Their secrets flash in public rhyme.
Dark copses quaver long their chorus,
And branches sing in quarter-time.

Such is the thrushes' dreamful haunt.
They live in nature's homely brake
And wood, untamed, as artists should,
And theirs the way I too would take.
1941

Oh, Had I Known It Once For All

OH, had I known it once for all
Before my debut came how chill
With death the lines of passion spoken
How they grip you at the throat and kill,

I would have cried point-blank I'll never
By jesting risk my private aim
In public life. We hang back in doubt
At first, and dread the lure of fame.

But age, like pagan Rome, instead
Of jests and twaddle and the lie
Mouthed in stagey lines, exacts
The actor shall in earnest die.

When passion is the play, it brings
Upon the stage a man unfree,
And then the lines are not of art,
But earth and life and destiny.
1931

Translated from the Russian
by Eugene M. Kayden

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Money, Money, Money

by Robert Lekachman

THERE IS a greater and there is a lesser mystery about the stock market. The greater mystery is how people make money without doing anything more useful than shuffling pieces of paper. In good times, the obverse of this question seldom presents itself: how do people lose everything they own without lifting a finger. The eternal fascination of treasure trove as much as normal human greed, must have something to do with the perennial appeal of that great American casino, Wall Street. The minor mystery of Wall Street is technical. Anyone who has gamely essayed the financial pages knows how easy it is to become completely befuddled in a whirl of spinoffs, stock splits, Dow Jones averages, ex-dividends, and capital distributions—to mention none of the really esoteric terms of the chartreaders, a group who are the subject of one of Mr. Brooks' most entertaining essays.

The Seven Fat Years, by John Brooks (Harper; $4).

Many approaches to these puzzles are possible. A writer can piece together a detailed, technically exact account of how to read the financial page of the daily newspaper. Financial writers of the *N. Y. Times* and the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* have produced such guides in the past. Specialists can compile and have compiled fat, medium-sized, or thin guides to investment, how-to-do-it volumes addressed to the potential speculator. As an echo of another age, there is always the exposé in which the bitten or the observers of the bitten round upon their biters. Finally, much in the financial spectacle engages the ironist's fancy and unleashes his wit. The most entertaining example of the last genre in recent years has been J. K. Galbraith's *The Great Crash*.

Mr. Brooks too is an ironist, and a novelist as well. His vantage point is that of the sophisticated but ignorant observer. He professes to have known nothing about the stock market before he undertook the researches which led to his articles. Everything is new to him, much of it is curious, and some of it is slightly insane. Whether Mr. Brooks' ignorance is genuine or only a literary stance, its effect is to make instruction at his hands exceedingly easy to receive.

What does he discover? In sequence, the chapters examine the bitter proxy fight between Robert Young and the management of the NY Central Railroad, the launching of a common stock issue by General Motors, the wild scramble to purchase Ford Common Stock (which almost immediately sank below its offering price and has not yet recovered), the activities of a marvelously stuffy investment house, the weird scientific investigations of market analysts who base their forecasts upon the behavior of lines on charts, the heroic role of a stock specialist in maintaining a market for a stock recommended by Walter Winchell, and the operations of auction markets in stocks.

The ironist's position has its costs. In *The 7 Fat Years*, it is a certain distortion of perspective. Particularly for a book with this title, the obvious comparison is with the great crash of 1929 and the dispiriting years which followed. If ever there were contrasting lean years to the fat fifties, this was the period. But Mr. Brooks makes few references to this unhappy time. What he prefers is speculation about the reactions to current financial practice of great men from the golden age of financial speculation—the elder J. P. Morgan and Commodore Vanderbilt. Often the author pauses to wonder what these titans might have thought of the protection investors now receive from the law, the new decorousness of financial activity, and the attempt to impose responsibility upon those who live by dealing in securities. It does not deny the book's entertainment value to note at the same time that a touch of unreality is its effect. The stock market seems to have been the home of giants in those days, and, at least, of eccentrics in these. One must pinch oneself to recall that the hopes, wise or foolish, of myriads of small investors still fluctuate with market averages and the vagaries of public regulation. In other words, the real danger may be that Mr. Brooks' readers will forget that the fate of real people is involved in the activities of Mr. Brooks' professionals. This single reservation aside, I doubt that anyone has recently written a book which better combines information and amusement about a phenomenon so complex as Wall Street.

MOVIES

Gallery of Women

STATISTICS about mental health being what they are in this country, it can be assumed that the theme of *Home Before Dark* will have particular relevance for many people. Whether it will be painful for them, how truthfully it will ring, I cannot guess. To one without special knowledge, the film seemed generally serious and, although too long, was interesting.

Home Before Dark (Warner); *Pot-Bouille* (Continental); *The Night Heaven Fell* (Kingsley International).

The screenplay, based on Eileen Bassing's novel of the same name, was written by her and Robert Bassing, and deals with the return to her home of a young woman who has spent a year in a state mental hospital, in New England. She is the wife of a college teacher, without children; living with them are her stepmother and step-sister. These two, one sees quickly, are pertinent to the wife's original collapse. While she was away, they took in a boarder, a young instructor at the college. (For no reason related to story or theme, he is Jewish.) The husband has become emotionally estranged from the wife, the young instructor is attracted to her, the step-sister becomes willy-nilly a menace to her marital security. These, and an Old-Faithful suitor

Further poems
by Boris Pasternak
will appear in subsequent issues
of *The New Republic*

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Notes on Contributors

ELIZABETH MONROE is the author of *The Mediterranean in Politics* and has served as the Middle East editor for *The Economist*. EUGENE M. KAYDEN is translating a volume of Pasternak's poems.

hovering in Boston, are the complications; they are eventually resolved by the wife's finding the inner stability to break loose from her delusive dependence on her husband, perhaps to choose one of the two other men who are fond of her.

There are several flaws in the picture that keep its stature middling. The first of these is an over-all gloss, particularly in the settings, that gives the film a woman's magazine patina. This effect is aggravated by the shape of the story which, with its two adoring swains of a suffering wife, has resemblances to a Kay Francis or Joan Crawford tear-jerker of the thirties. Also—one completely incredible element—the minatory stepsister is so beautiful (Rhonda Fleming) and dresses so deliberately alluringly that no wife with twice the self-confidence of this one would have allowed her to stay in the house twenty minutes.

But most of the dialogue is unusually intelligent. Lack of understanding of the returning wife is laid on with a perceptible trowel at the beginning, and clarification is compressed somewhat at the end, but one can concede these as necessities of dramatization; in the main, the writing is good. Mervyn LeRoy, who has made many noteworthy pictures since the *Little Caesar* of 1931, has directed this one with skill. If there is little brilliance in it, there are clean competence and a good theatrical sense (not common even among experienced screen directors) of the structure of a scene.

However, the picture's validity rests principally on the performance of the wife by Jean Simmons. Up to now Miss Simmons has rarely been more than pretty, pleasant, and acceptable. In this film she has blossomed into what all the arts need in large number: a good minor artist. She has understood this character and has drawn every reserve of talent and humanity into its delineation. There is a quiet honesty in her performance, a feeling of fists knotted in lonely courage. Especially impressive is the sequence in which she goes on an increasingly manic shopping spree in Boston; she gives it just the right note of surface "normalcy" while we can see basic reality slipping further and further away.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. makes (I believe) his film debut as the young instructor and demonstrates what good vocal endowment can do for an actor. His voice is not yet an instrument of remarkable range or color, but its inherent timbre convinces us from his first words of an agreeable manliness. As the husband, Dan O'Herlihy is suitably self-centered.

NUMEROUS VOICES have been raised lately about the current low level of European imports. (There hasn't, for instance, been a European picture in several years to compare with *The Defiant Ones*.) That level is raised appreciably by the appearance of Julien Duvivier's film of still another of Zola's Rougon-Macquart series, *Pot-Bouille*. Gerard Philipe, who has grown from boyhood to manhood before the cameras, plays Octave, the appealing Dany Carrel is Berthe, and Danielle Darrieux, still one of the best-looking women on the screen, is a cool and compelling Madame Hedouin. Henri Jeanson's screenplay necessarily condenses this probing story of a seemingly respectable 19th-Century Paris apartment house, but the only real transformation is in making Octave a gay, clever, young man-about-town instead of the cold-blooded sexual and business adventurer that Zola drew. Obviously this was done to give the picture a fulcrum of sympathy, like *Gervaise*, but it doesn't quite come off. If the script had been as ruthless as the novel, it might have been as successful in a smooth, tough vein as *Gervaise* is in its softer, suppliant way.

However, Duvivier's wizardry establishes place and persons swiftly and keeps the story moving along in fine balance and tension. He has an excellent sense of rhythm and of economy of means; and whether he plunges us into the cross-currents of a *soirée* or sets the mood of a joyless marriage or focuses our attention on a laid-out corpse while the relatives outside squabble about money, his strokes are incisive and sure. Of all the novelists of his day, Zola seems the most filmable; may we look forward to Octave's further adventures in *Au Bonheur des Dames*—in Duvivier's hands?

BRIGITTE BARDOT films are not a staple product. They range from the gross *And God Created Woman* to the *bouffant La Parisienne*. Her latest film, *The Night Heaven Fell*, is about midway in the Bardot canon. It is based, rather remotely, on Albert Vidalie's poignant and lyric little novel, *The Moonlight Jewelers*, and tells of an inexperienced girl's brief, fiery flight with a moody young murderer. It was filmed in color near Malaga, and the scenic photography, of Spain and Miss Bardot, is attractive.

In my view, Miss Bardot has suffered unfairly in critical esteem because of the way she has been exploited. Her sexiness is admitted (only a dead man could deny it), but she is frequently derided as an actress. One can doubt that she could have risen to her present popularity by acting ability alone, but I think she fulfills adequately the demands that her writers and directors make of her. Of the current crop of European sex merchants, she is by far the most watchable. On any score.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Farm surpluses have increased under low farm commodity prices.

Science has provided modern farmers with a capacity to produce more than demand can absorb, even at low prices. There is a limit to domestic needs and to foreign trade. And any stimulus to demand from low farm commodity prices is further nullified by the processors. Food prices have risen while farm prices were falling.

Normally producers would not use their full capacities to produce in excess of demand. But farmers are compelled by the nature of their business to make full use of their capacities at all times, regardless of demand or price. This is due to their inability to profit by limiting their production. Factories can profit by slowing down, because by so doing they can reduce market supply and cause prices to rise. But in agriculture there are millions of producers who can produce the same items or interchangeable substitute commodities.

If hog producers could organize and

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reduce their production of pork products, other farmers would quickly become hog producers. And the organized hog men themselves would be producing substitute commodities, sheep, cattle, chickens and so on. Total market supply would remain constant and the general level of farm prices unchanged. The only way for farmers to profit by limiting their production would be for all to act together. And this is a manifest impossibility.

Singly or collectively, farmers cannot control their market supply. Hence on a farm market, the buyer sets the price. The farmer will get this same market price whether he produces 50 bushels to the acre or 100. Naturally he will produce all he can at all times and invent new ways to increase production when prices are low, in order to offset the inevitable loss.

Thus, low prices for farm commodities stimulate farm production, with no corresponding effect on demand. They increase the disparity between supply and demand.

Under the circumstances, it is ridiculous to suppose that the farmers could operate on a free market under the law of supply and demand. Since price cannot control farm production, there is no substitute for government controls in agriculture. The fact that these controls have not worked, when based on free enterprise theories borrowed from the 19th Century non-farm business world, has no bearing.

FRANK LARSON

Carlock, Illinois

► *The Correct Term*

SIRS:

I AM SHOCKED to find, in the editorial pages of a supposedly literate journal, a reference to ". . . Galluppollism or Galluppollosity (whatever the correct term) . . ." The correct term, of course, is "Galluppollishness."

LOUIS J. HALLE

Geneva, Switzerland

► *Lolita*

SIRS:

THANK YOU for the first perceptive and intelligent comments on *Lolita*. It is a grotesque commentary on the state of American letters that so overwhelming a majority of critics took the witty Mr. Nabokov at his word ("no moral in tow") and were joyfully seduced by the flashy, mocking mask of this brilliant and terrible book.

Little Lolita herself (whether the author admits it or not) is an analogue of Nabokov's America, hard-boiled, comic-book-addicted, gum-chewing, and sobbing in the pillow at night. The rootless nightmare world in which he places her (cross-country from one restless cheap motel to the next) is the objective equivalent of her pathetic vulgarity and decadence.

If we accept Nabokov's view of us (and to the extent that it *is* a true description) *Lolita* is the story not of the debauching and debauchery of one little 12-year old, but of an entire society. As such, it is tragic, pathetic—anything but comic. The insensitivity of our best critics to this fact is only one more proof of the frightening confusion of values (really, of the moral vacuum) that Nabokov describes as the American essence.

AMIE R. SAROYAN

San Francisco, California

► *Keyserling Emended*

SIRS:

I WOULD appreciate your noting several small corrections to my article which appeared in your issue of October 27:

I served 1933-37 as assistant to Senator Robert F. Wagner, not Senator Lehman. In the second full paragraph on page 15, the second sentence beginning "With respect to private property," should instead read "With respect to private poverty." In the second full paragraph on page 17, the second sentence beginning "His proposal that unemployment reaches lower levels" should instead read "His proposal that unemployment insurance benefits be reduced as unemployment reaches lower levels . . ."

LEON H. KEYSERLING

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